

YOUR BRIDESMAID IS A BITCH

An Original Screenplay
by
Brian Duffield

12835 Burbank Blvd. #12
Valley Village, CA 91607
(310) 467-4601
brianduffield@gmail.com

ON BLACK

The ominous ring tone. The subsequent scramble to answer it. Heavy breathing. When it's finally answered we fade in to:

INT. NOAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

NOAH PALMER (26), shirtless and completely failing at life, is hanging upside down off a bar doing crunches in his living room doorway. Out of breath. Covered in sweat.

NOAH

Hey sis-

(pant-pant)

Can I call you back tonight?

(pant-pant)

No, I was not just getting lucky.

Okay, great, talk to you then.

He tosses the phone onto the floor. He hangs there, upside down, looking into nowhere.

INT. RANDOM LOS ANGELES OFFICE - DAY

Cleaned up and in a shirt and tie, Noah sits in a typical Los Angeles reception area with other potential job candidates.

An ATTRACTIVE GIRL is trying to fix the broken heel on her shoe. Noah smiles sympathetically.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL

You wouldn't happen to be the man of my dreams and have glue or any other adhesive on you, would you?

NOAH

I left my purple glue stick at home today. For the first time in months.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL

Fuck man. What could have been.

Noah simply smiles awkwardly. Not really sure what to say.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL (CONT'D)

It's like these things are made to fall apart.

NOAH

I think that's in their mission statement.

The heel will not stick. She concedes defeat.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL

I'm going to murder someone with
this fucking thing.

(to Noah specifically)

Probably you. No offense.

NOAH

Oh. Okay.

Noah stares at her, terrified, and waits for his interview.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH - EVENING

Noah sits on the beach, eating Taco Bell and watching the waves as the sun sets.

Because he's unemployed and because he fucking can.

INT. BAR ONE - NIGHT

The local dive bar. Noah tries his best not to laugh at his distraught roommate and quickly developing best friend SKYLAR, a troll sized African-American homosexual.

NOAH

You told Kevin you were like...
pumpernickel bread?

Skylar groans into the table.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Because you are... black and...
full of dense, nutty nutrition?

SKYLAR

Fuck.

NOAH

That's worse than the time you told
that dude you were King Kong
wanting to scale his Empire State
Building.

SKYLAR

That one's your fault!

NOAH

What!

SKYLAR
You love King Kong!

NOAH
Yeah, I do, but the sexual analogy
of your example is a guaranteed
boner killer. Because Kong gets
murdered and falls to his death.

SKYLAR
Yeah? Well, what's your big line?
Oh that's right, you don't have
lines cuz you ain't-
(quotes)
"in the game".

NOAH
Bingo.

SKYLAR
One day, you'll turn to me and say,
hey, I got lucky last night and I
feel like a man again.

NOAH
One day, you'll turn to me and say,
hey, I didn't refer to my dick as a
disgusting baked good and I feel
like a man again.

Skylar sighs, beaten.

SKYLAR
Wanna beer?

NOAH
Sure.

Skylar heads to the bar. Noah sits there and again stares off
into that sad, empty nowhere...

Then it clicks-

NOAH (CONT'D)
Oh shit!

He pulls out his phone and rushes for the door.

EXT. BAR ONE - CONTINUOUS

Noah waits for the phone to pick up-

MOLLY (PHONE)
...the hell man...

NOAH
Molly?

MOLLY (PHONE)
Time change dude...

NOAH
Shit! I'm sorry! I know you keep
trying to call-

MOLLY (PHONE)
No, it's fine. I just...
(yawns)
Haaaaaaaave-a-jawwwwwb.

NOAH
Low blow! Plus I'm sorry!

MOLLY (PHONE)
Ditto and it's okay. Really.

Silence.

NOAH
Sooooo... what did you want?

MOLLY (PHONE)
I think I'm kiiiiinda still asleep.

NOAH
Wake up then!

MOLLY (PHONE)
Is it okay if Anna is one of my
bridesmaids?

NOAH
Yes! Of course!

As soon as he finishes saying this, Noah stops moving.
Completely. Probably even his insides. He can't breathe.

MOLLY (PHONE)
Really?

NOAH
...Really...

MOLLY (PHONE)

Ohhhh, that's great. I didn't know if things were still weird between you guys and all.

NOAH

Nope. Things are... great.

His eyes are tearing up.

NOAH (CONT'D)

It's your wedding Mols. You do what ya gotta do.

MOLLY (PHONE)

(yawns)

Thaaaaanks-duuuude. You're the best. Okay-sleeping-bye.

She hangs up. Noah doesn't lower the phone.

Skylar comes outside and sees Noah holding the phone. He instantly grabs it and checks the last call. Suddenly becomes very worried.

SKYLAR

What's wrong bro?

Noah doesn't even turn around to face Skylar.

NOAH

Molly wants Anna to be one of her bridesmaids.

SKYLAR

Why the fuck would she want that?

NOAH

She's always been one of her best friends. I should have seen it coming. All Cormac McCarthy like...

SKYLAR

But again, why the fuck would she want that?

NOAH

Because she doesn't know.

He turns dramatically to Skylar.

NOAH (CONT'D)

She doesn't know anything.

Realization dawns.

SKYLAR
Oh fuckabees.

TITLE ON BLACK:

Your Bridesmaid Is A Bitch.

INT. NOAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Skylar waits expectantly as Noah pulls a cardboard box covered in duct tape out of his closet. He hands it to Skylar before taking a step back, as if it were radioactive.

SKYLAR
The famous black box of Noah
Palmer.

NOAH
I guess. I dunno.

Skylar opens the box, revealing a jumble of random artefacts.

SKYLAR
Is there an itinerary for this
shit?

NOAH
Not yet, I've been-

Noah realizes that Skylar was being sarcastic. Skylar hangs his head in shame and enters NOAH'S BOX (which hopefully will be the name of my next porno script).

First out is A TERRIBLE KNITTED SWEATER. Blue. Robin's egg blue. The worst kind of blue.

It pains Noah to see it, as everything in The Black Box will.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Ninth grade. The first Christmas
present she gave me. I love that
sweater.

SKYLAR
This sweater is an abomination.
It's practically an X-File.

He tosses it on the bed. Intentionally carelessly. Noah hurries to it, folding it neatly. Pathetically.

Next: A fancy DIAMOND AWARD. Cumberland County Regional District Science Fair Third Place - Seventh Grade.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

Why's this in the box? This should be on top of the television. It's probably the nicest thing we have.

NOAH

My science project was about how to develop different types of 8mm film on a seventh grade budget. She was my actress.

SKYLAR

I thought the sweater was ninth grade.

NOAH

It was. It took me two years to woo her over.

SKYLAR

Hmm.

The next is a HOMEMADE CHRISTMAS ORNAMENT, with "I LOVE YOU" painted in pink.

Skylar judges this.

NOAH

Pre-Christmas. 11th grade.

Skylar continues judging. He hands it gently to Noah, and returns to the box.

SKYLAR

Ah! At last!

He pulls out a wad of POLAROID PICTURES.

Noah is dead silent.

And at last, there she is:

ANNA. Disappointingly very attractive and very cool looking.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

She's disappointingly very attractive.

NOAH

Yes. Yes she is.

SKYLAR

You bitches scissored at least right?

NOAH

Yes. Yes we did.

SKYLAR

Well, that's something to tell the grandkids.

The pictures show a couple very much in love. Relaxed in it too. Various hair styles and college phases come and go.

We end with two pictures: The first, graduation day and the combined families of Anna and Noah.

And the last, Noah asleep shirtless in a bed. Anna, awake, just looking at him and taking the picture.

Skylar waves the picture at an agonized Noah.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

These should get burned.

NOAH

Someday.

SKYLAR

Too fucking right.

Skylar continues rooting through the box, pulling up items (Yearbooks. Novels. Mix-CDs. A Commander Pike in Wheelchair from Star Trek (in)action figure.)

But then, hidden at the bottom, the very bottom, is a BLACK RING BOX.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

Oh fuck.

Skylar looks at Noah. Kinda heartbroken.

He opens the box. WHOA. It's a real fucking DIAMOND RING.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

Fuck. Dude.

Skylar is speechless. Now completely heartbroken.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

Dude. DUDE.

Noah shrugs.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
Why didn't you return it?

Noah shrugs again.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry. At least you didn't
give it to her.

NOAH
...I totally gave it to her.

SKYLAR
She said no?

NOAH
...She said yes.

Skylar stares at Noah.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Fine, okay, so-

EXT. HALLOWEEN PARTY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Noah is dressed as a civil war soldier.

This is a Noah with CONFIDENCE. A lot of it.

He talks to some random friends and sees ANNA, dressed as
Edward Scissorhands, across the room.

They share a lover's smile.

He hand-signs to her:

NOAH
(subtitle)
"You're my favorite."

She looks at him in faux annoyance, raising her useless
scissorhands. She yells across the party:

ANNA
YOU'RE A DICK!

People look at Anna weirdly. She and Noah could give a shit.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Noah walks with Anna in a cute, trick-r-treated out neighborhood. She is slightly tipsy, but in a fun way.

ANNA

I want to bury you alive, then dig up your corpse and skull fuck you.

NOAH

I want to cut you in half vertically and have a threesome.

ANNA

I want to cut my name into the back of your eyeballs with my scissorhands, lick the blood from the wound and spit it back into your gaping eye cavities.

They laugh at their own retardedness.

They look like "The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan" album cover. But at night, in costumes and forty years later. So not really.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Where the hell are we, by the way?

NOAH

It's funny you should ask, because here we are.

ANNA

How drily philosophical of you.

He stops walking.

NOAH

I'm one hundred percent totes serious.

The house they stand beside, an adorable bungalow, has a For Lease sign in front of it. Noah picks up a baseball bat laying beside the sign.

Anna's totally bewildered.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Trick or Treat, darling.

He DEMOLISHES the sign with the bat. She yelps, covering her mouth with her scissorhands.

He beats the holy hell out of the sign. When it's good and dead, he looks at her, smiling. Tosses the bat.

BEAT.

ANNA

What the fuck is wrong with you?!

NOAH

Nothin'.

ANNA

Why... how'd you even know there'd be a baseball bat there!?

NOAH

I put it there.

ANNA

....what? Why? What?

NOAH

You can walk to school from here. I can bike to the station...

ANNA

Seriously! What's going on!

NOAH

It has two bedrooms, central A/C. Plenty of yard space for dogs, or a kid, before we need to upgrade.

She starts tuning in. A smile begins to emerge.

ANNA

Stop teasing me.

NOAH

We'll need to paint up the walls a bit, but I think-

ANNA

Shut up!

He smiles at her, and takes off his civil war hat. Places it over his heart. Kneels before her.

ANNA (CONT'D)

SHUT THE MOTHERFUCK UP!

NOAH
Darling, I love you. Let's do what
Mary and Joseph did. Without the
kid.

He puts his hat down, and BLAM! Pulls out the real fucking
DIAMOND RING.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Will you marry me?

ANNA
I'M WEARING FUCKING SCISSORHANDS
AND I WANNA WEAR MY RING!

She shakes her hands violently until the scissorhand gloves
come off.

Noah has barely put the ring on her finger when she tackles
him into the lawn.

She kisses him. Long and oblivious.

ANNA (CONT'D)
You bet your ass I will.

He grins, and they kiss again.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY (THE PRESENT)

KEVIN
But that doesn't make any sense.

KEVIN, Skylar's maybe-boyfriend, is knee-deep in yet another
retelling of this gnarly tale. Skylar and Noah walk with him
and his dog PENGUIN up the hill.

Skylar attempts to be as impressive as possible.

SKYLAR
It does. If you factor "crazy
bitch" into the equation.

KEVIN
I still don't understand. Was it
the house?

SKYLAR
She never went inside the house.

KEVIN

How much later until she called it off? I mean, you moved out here in...

SKYLAR

He moved out here in November.

KEVIN

(to Noah)

Did you get really premature cold feet?

SKYLAR

No, he did not.

KEVIN

(to Noah)

Did she?

KEVIN (CONT'D)

In a matter of speaking.

NOAH

I love how totally unnecessary I've become to my own backstory.

KEVIN

I give up. What the fuck happened?

Skylar turns to Noah hopefully. Noah shrugs.

NOAH

Go for it.

SKYLAR

What happened, Kevin, was this: The French Fucker happened.

BLACKNESS

A puff of cigarette smoke. A pair of lips (filmed in Black and White), well shaved except the typical French moustache, takes another drag. He talks into the camera.

THE FRENCH FUCKER

Why hello. I am zee French Fucker. I was born in Marseilles, 'ave you heard of it? Of course you have, it's fucking beautiful. And famous. I can recite French poetry in my native tongue. Would you like to hear some?

(MORE)

THE FRENCH FUCKER (CONT'D)

Of course you would, it's French poetry recited in fucking French, it will give all you gentlemen erections and make all you beetches pregnant.

He proceeds to recite a passage of French poetry. In fucking French. When he finishes...

THE FRENCH FUCKER (CONT'D)

I can also play zee gee-tar, and zee accordion. Would you like to hear some? Oui? Fuck you, I'll make you wait in agony for zee ecstasy my music provides. I also collect Bob Dylan memorabilia. Here is a picture of me and Bubbi.

He flicks a picture of himself and Dylan, looking extremely chummy in front of the camera.

THE FRENCH FUCKER (CONT'D)

No big deal, beetches. It's just the greatest songwriter you American cunts have ever produced. Thanks for the cultural contribution. I received my education is Paree, and also took classes in India. Have you been there? No? Where'd you go to university, New Jersey? I applaud your bravery while spitting on your uselessness as an individual.

He spits. His phlegm hits the ground and turns into coins.

THE FRENCH FUCKER (CONT'D)

Bah. A peasant's change.

He tosses the coins towards the camera.

THE FRENCH FUCKER (CONT'D)

Get yourself something pretty, whore. Maybe liposuction, oui?

He sighs. Takes another drag.

THE FRENCH FUCKER (CONT'D)

So you are by now no doubt curious as to my relation to Anna, and Noah, and this pathetic little story of yours. Vell, allow me to tell you.

He leans closer. Waits a beat. Just his lips. Perfect teeth.

THE FRENCH FUCKER (CONT'D)

Fuck you. I will make you wait for
that answer.

He puts his cigarette out on the camera lens, and walks away.
He shouts back, bored:

THE FRENCH FUCKER (CONT'D)

Yes, you are right, I fucked her,
like I do all beetches.

As he leaves, two gorgeous women come from either side
towards him. He bitch slaps one, then grabs the other's ass
and walks into the darkness.

With both.

INT. SUSHI BAR - NIGHT

Noah is on a BLIND DATE. She looks like a girl that was
homeschooled, then lost her fucking mind during college, and
now is a mix of the two. She wears a church-friendly
sleeveless dress. Braided hair. Very pretty.

Her right arm, however, is completely covered in a wide
variety of tattoos. The only part of her body that seems to
have any.

NOAH

I like your tattoos. They're so...
varied.

BLIND DATE

I had people in my group design
them. Like drawings on a cast,
they're only temporary.

This doesn't really make any sense.

NOAH

I don't... think I understand the
analogy.

BLIND DATE

I suppose it's not a very good one.

She laughs. He laughs. Okay. She has a pretty smile.

BLIND DATE (CONT'D)

I mean, my arm just won't be with
the rest of me.

NOAH

I'm... sorry, I think I'm confused again...

BLIND DATE

Have you ever felt like the number of limbs you have is holding you back? I have, ever since I was a little girl, wanted to lose my right arm. It's called Body Identity Integrity Disorder and it's just a matter of time before I finally lose it.

Beat.

NOAH

Why do you want to lose your arm?

She looks at him like he's an idiot.

BLIND DATE

Because it's not mine, and it's holding me back. Haven't you been listening?

Noah eats his sushi quietly, trying to wake up from this nightmare. He doesn't. He forces himself to press on.

NOAH

I once had my appendix taken out.

INT. NOAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Noah paces back and forth frantically as Skylar and Kevin try to calm him down.

NOAH

That was the worst fucking idea you've ever fucking had!

SKYLAR

No! She was hot!

NOAH

Yes, Skylar, it was and she was! She was like a Cronenberg movie come to life!

SKYLAR

You love Cronenberg!

NOAH

Not in my women! No! She wanted to have her perfectly healthy functioning right arm amputated! What the fuck is that! What the fuck!

He paces into the kitchen off screen. Kevin tries to help.

KEVIN

Listen man, we just thought if you'd gotten back on the playing field, you'd be more emotionally equipped for the wedding.

NOAH (O.S.)

Well it didn't fucking work, did it!

SKYLAR

NOAH!

Noah walks back from the kitchen like a child summoned.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

You've still got three months. We are going to do everything we can to make you feel totally prepared for every and any thing that can happen. Alright?

Noah reluctantly nods.

SMASH TITLE ON BLACK:

Three Months Later.

EXT. SKYLAR'S CAR / LAX - MORNING

NOAH

I feel totally unprepared for every and any thing that can happen.

Skylar drives Noah to the hell known as LAX.

Noah already looks like shit.

SKYLAR

Reach into the glove compartment.

He obeys. A CD-R appears magically.

NOAH

Ut oh.

SKYLAR

Do not play that until you are in your hooker-car on your way to the party, alright?

NOAH

You made me a mix CD?

SKYLAR

Bro. You need all the help you can get.

NOAH

Maybe I can just say I got swine flu or whatever the epidemic of the week is?

SKYLAR

Maybe you can not be a pussy?

Noah nods. A calm resolve.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

You can do this. And you know why?

NOAH

No. Not at all.

Skylar pulls up to departures. Puts his hand on Noah's shoulder.

SKYLAR

You can do this because you're a BAMF. You are Neville Fucking Longbottom.

Noah nods bravely, like a soldier about to plunge into Normandy. He hugs Skylar.

NOAH

Thanks man.

SKYLAR

I'm gonna make the dog wear that sweater while you're gone.

Noah smiles, leaves, and God help him, enters LAX in the middle of the summer.

MAP OF THE UNITED STATE:

A red Indiana Jones line goes from Los Angeles to Philadelphia, and then from Philadelphia to Harrisburg.

Because why the fuck not.

INT. HARRISBURG INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Noah awaits his luggage at the carousel. An OVERWHELMED MOTHER struggles with a SCREAMING BABY and an overly curious THREE YEAR OLD.

OVERWHELMED MOTHER
SARAH! Sarah Jean!

The three year old makes a run for it.

NOAH
I can hold him if you want, while
you lasso that one.

OVERWHELMED MOTHER
God bless you.

She practically thrusts the baby into Noah and embarks on her motherly quest.

Noah pats the screaming baby over his shoulder.

NOAH
Hey, no! It's going to be okay!

The baby promptly vomits down the back of his jacket.

Noah continues to pat the baby on the back, completely clueless as to how to solve this new problem at this moment.

INT. HERTZ RENT A CAR - DAY

Noah waits in the rent-a-car-wait-for-fucking-ever-even-though-it's-Harrisburg-and-you-preordered-line.

A janitor walks by, and he swiftly steals a trash bag from her. He throws his jacket and shirt in it and, now shirtless, begins rummaging through his bag for an alternative.

HERTZ RENTAL BITCH
Sir! You're going to need to put
your shirt back on.

NOAH

Oh I will. This baby barf-

HERTZ RENTAL BITCH

Sir, I don't need a story, I need a shirt.

Noah pulls out a shirt, and smiling with hate, puts it on.

INT. VOLVO - DAY

While driving in his Volvo, Noah puts in the mix CD. Instantly, Skylar's voice comes on.

SKYLAR (CD)

These are the ten best "screw you, dyke" songs of all time. I hope you survive this weekend. Most of all, I just hope you don't fuck her. Because she, my friend, is the Sauron of bitches, and you can do better.

Despite not really believing this, Noah smiles.

SKYLAR (CD) (CONT'D)

Alright, track one. Call me if you need me, prick.

"Silver Springs" by Stevie Nicks begins to play.

NOAH

Oh for the love of God.

He continues driving, not sure if this is awesome or terrifying.

He gives in. Rolls down the windows. Sings with Stevie.

ESTABLISHING SHOTS OF HARRISBURG.

We follow the Volvo and Stevie through the city.

Welcome to Harrisburg, motherfuckers.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Noah turns off into a simple American neighborhood that is already way too packed with cars.

When he finally parks, he kills the radio.

Sits there. Breathes deep breaths.

NOAH

I am Neville Longbottom. I am
Captain Jean-Luc Picard. I am a
strong, confident man.

EXT. HOME - DAY

NOAH

I am so fucked.

Noah stands behind a shitty black Buick. It has hipster vegany bumper stickers.

The look on his face says it all:

This is her fucking car, and she is in this fucking house.

He stares at it in terror. Takes the deciding step forward.

INT. HOME - DAY

He lets himself in. It's a zoo in here.

He walks cautiously, like a freshly deflowered girl in a horror film.

She could be around any corner. Behind any of the billions of people seemingly crammed in here.

He speaks to one of them-

NOAH

Hey, do you know where Molly is?

IDIOT

Who?

NOAH

Nevermind, thanks.

The search continues-

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He pseudo-shoves his way into the kitchen. No sign of Molly. No sign of Anna.

But the intensity of the crowd nearly does in our poor claustrophobic Noah. He breathes in and screams:

NOAH
MOLLLLLLLLLLYYYYYY!

The whole room shuts up and stares at him.

And then, from a different, far off room-

MOLLY (O.S.)
WHAT!

With everyone looking at him, it's harder to yell. But yell he must.

NOAH
IT'S NOAAAHH!

MOLLY (O.S.)
NOAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The crowds part for Molly, Noah's striking and excited younger sister, the bride-to-be in question.

Noah grins and meets her halfway with a ginormous hug.

NOAH
Oh God, I'm glad to see you.

MOLLY
Me too.

She looks at him, sister-worried.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
You look awful.

NOAH
Long flight. Baby puked on me. Rent-a-car.

MOLLY
I don't know why you didn't let us just pick you up.

She begins leading him through the house. Holds his hand. You better believes he holds on tight.

NOAH
I like my independence. Where's Dad?

MOLLY
He said he had an errand to run. You know him and crowds.

NOAH
I don't know like, any of the
people here.

MOLLY
They're mostly Mark's people.

NOAH
Huh. Mark's got people.

MOLLY
Yep.

She leads him into-

INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS

The fireplace/tv room. A large group of people lounge about on couches, drinking beers, conversing and watching the tube.

MOLLY
MARK!

A man shoots up from the couch. The groom-to-be. MARK.

He looks entirely like Mark Wahlberg.

He outstretches his arms when he sees Noah.

MARK
NOAH!

NOAH
(less excited)
Marky Mark!

Mark hugs him, and IT HAPPENS.

Over Mark's shoulder, sitting on the floor, is ANNA, with The French Fucker, whose legal name is FELIX TREZEGUET.

She sees him. She smiles softly. Signs to him.

ANNA
(What up.)

All Noah can do is raise his hand in a weak wave.

MARK
How's the big L-A?

Noah is breathless. Eventually recovers.

NOAH
 ...Awesome. It's awesome.

MARK
 Hey Brad! Get my man a drank!

BRAD (O.S.)
 Whaddoeshe want?

MARK
 Whaddaya want?

NOAH
 Absinthe.

MARK
 Something strong!

BRAD (O.S.)
 I'm already friends with him!

MARK
 Sit, good sir!

He leads him to their couch. Noah looks at Molly for help, who shrugs at him, uselessly.

They sit. Within blatant ear shot of Anna and Felix.

MARK (CONT'D)
 So'd ya get a job? Molly was saying
 it's just brutal out there.

NOAH
 Yyyyes. I did get a job though.
 Right before I left.

MARK
 Aw effing-right you did!
 (off Noah's quizzical
 look)
 Not allowed to swear. Grandparents
 abound.

He points to an old woman randomly sitting on a couch between two dudes, watching TV.

NOAH
 Good call.

MARK
 So what's this job?

Noah searches for Molly: gone. Tries not to look at Anna:
Fails.

NOAH

It's um... working on a music
documentary. Fleetwood Mac.

MARK

You are *shhhhhh*-ing me!

NOAH

No, naw, like, starting as soon as
I get back.

Mark leans in, quietly.

MARK

I effing love Fleetwood Mac. Both
Stevie and Lyndsey are on my five.

NOAH

That's... great.

MARK

Aw man! I'm so stoked for you!
Molly's been worried about you
since you moved out there and broke
up with what's her name.

Noah sneakily points towards Anna. Mark sees this.

MARK (CONT'D)

Aw. Eff.

NOAH

I've been... realllllly good
though. Going to a lot of concerts.
Movies. Dates. With women.

A glass of scotch and a handshake arrives from BRAD, Mark's
Best Man.

BRAD

I'm Brad, Mark's brother. And here
is a scotch.

He looks nothing like a Wahlberg.

NOAH

Wow, I'm Noah, Molly's you. Thank
you. You look nothing like I would
have expected.

He sits beside Mark. If your little sister had to get married before you, you'd hope she at least would marry into a family as seemingly cool and chill as these guys.

BRAD

I get that a lot. I'm the beauty,
he's the beast.

MARK

That's fine, since I'm marrying
that sexy lady-

He stands up and points to the recently returned Molly-

MARK (CONT'D)

Everyone! I'm marrying that sexy
lady!

The room cheers! Anna and Felix cheer! Molly shrugs.

Noah destroys his scotch like it's a juicebox. Tries not to look at Anna.

Fails.

Eye contact.

She smiles.

He dies.

INT. MOLLY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Noah enters Molly's bathroom and quickly splashes water on his face.

Multiple times.

When it doesn't seem to help, he simply tries to submerge his whole head underwater.

After a beat, he re-emerges, lightly toweling his face.

When the towel drops, he sees the mirror for the first time.

CONGRATS MOLS! is written on it in lipstick. PICTURES are tacked all along the edges.

There's one of Molly, Anna and Noah. Looks like years ago.

Noah stares at it for a long moment.

NOAH

Fuck you.

He walks away.

Then suddenly returns, and goes for it.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Fuck you for stealing nine fucking years of my life! If those really were the best years of my life then I'm going to fucking murder you in the afterlife! But thankfully, you'll probably be going to hell. And fuck you for thinking Train has great lyrics. They motherfucking don't. And fuck you for thinking Crash was a good movie. I wish you'd go Sandra Bullock yourself down a flight of stairs.

(We SEE scenes illustrating everything Noah attacks from here on out.)

NOAH (CONT'D)

Fuck your fucking hair and the way you chew on it when you're thinking really hard. Fuck you for working at a special needs pre-school and for how fucking hard it is for anyone alive to understand how I could hate you since your career makes you a fucking saint. Fuck you for the five million, four hundred seventy six thousand and twenty three kisses I fucking wasted on you! You know what would have been a better use of my time and lips? EVERYTHING. Fuck you for dragging me to every goddamn piece of shit musical they put on in this fucking town. Newsflash: regional theatre only exists so fucking failures can give themselves a fucking reacharound. Fuck you for convincing me that plaid shorts were cool! Fuck you for not liking my facial hair. I can't wait to be able to grow a fucking ZZ Top Beard and have every single Facebook profile pic be a different supermodel rubbing their hands through it orgasmically.

(MORE)

NOAH (CONT'D)

Fuck you for not always shaving your legs and your fucking pits. If I shave my fucking face for you, then you sure as hell shoulda shaved your shit. Fuck you for being a fucking vegan and judging me every time I ordered a fucking piece of meat. Guess what? Meat is fucking delicious and cow's don't have a fucking clue what's going on EVER. Fuck you for getting drunk and spooning with Tom Cosby sophomore year. I should have dumped your fucking ass then you whore bitch. Fuck you for getting turned on by making out in church parking lots! That freaked the shit out of me and I'm still worried Jesus won't forgive me. Fuck your tits for... for being fucking awesome. And fuck you for taking my virginity! Fuck you for knitting me that fucking blue sweater and not just getting me The Two Towers boxset like I asked for! Fuck you for thinking ventriloquism is creepy! Fuck you for fucking him!
 (beat. RETURN TO BATHROOM)
 Seriously. What the fuck, man. Fuck you for everything.
 (beat)
 And fuck me.

He shakes the water from his hair and leaves.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He opens the door and comes face to face with FELIX.

They look at each quickly.

FELIX
 Why are you wet?

NOAH
 I, um, fuck, why are you *French*?

Felix laughs. Noah does not.

FELIX
 I think there are simple answers to both our queries. May I?

He motions to get into the bathroom. Noah instinctively moves aside and lets him. The door closes.

Some RANDOM-ASS GUY has seen the whole exchange.

NOAH

It would've been way cooler if I
just closed the door in his face
slowly, right?

The guy simply nods.

INT. NOAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Noah enters his bedroom-

And finds A MID-TWENTIES GIRL laying on his bed. She turns to him. She's fucking GORGEOUS. Curly black hair.

Noah is instantly nervous. His hair still dripping wet.

NOAH

Hey. You know that moment when you
realize your home isn't really your
home anymore? This is that moment.

GIRL

(laughs)

Wow. What a devastating first thing
to say to someone.

Noah smiles and looks around his old room: it's small, with music posters covering the walls. He sits in a desk chair as the girl sits up.

GIRL (CONT'D)

So this was your room when you were
young and innocent?

NOAH

Yep.

GIRL

I like your taste in music.

NOAH

It's pretty stellar, isn't it.

GIRL

Aye. Why are you soaked?

Noah groans and dries his head with the blanket on the bed.

NOAH

I tried to drown myself in a sink
and failed.

GIRL

You should really try a tub, at the
very least.

NOAH

Our neighbors have a pool.

GIRL

I could hold you down.

NOAH

You could hold me down in a sink.

GIRL

Wanna go?

NOAH

(laughs)

I'll get back to you.

She outstretches her hand.

GIRL

I'm Kelli.

NOAH

Noah. Molly's brother.

KELLI

Mark's first girlfriend in second
grade before he broke my heart.

NOAH

What he do?

KELLI

Fucked our teacher.

NOAH

I need to shake his hand again,
clearly.

She hops off the bed. Stretches.

KELLI

I'm jet lagged as all get out.
Sorry for stealing your bed, cap'n.

NOAH

Oh, no, don't worry about it. You don't have to-

KELLI

Avoid water, okay?

She slaps him on the shoulder and leaves him there. He sees her impression on the bed, and laughs to himself.

He locks the door. Falls on the bed face down.

First contact: survived.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Noah is still asleep while his DAD, an awesome dude with an awesome moustache who doesn't give a fuck about pretty much anything but his kids, draws a brontosaurus on his face with a sharpee.

Noah slowly comes to. The man doesn't stop.

They make eye contact. Noah sighs.

NOAH

Please tell me it's not a cock.

DAD

It's a dinosaur.

NOAH

Perfect. You picked my lock.

DAD

Yeah. Your sister's rehearsal is in thirty minutes.

NOAH

Perrrrrrrrfect.

The man keeps drawing.

NOAH (CONT'D)

You look good Dad.

DAD

You look good too. With a dinosaur.

Close up on Noah's face, and dinosaur...

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Close up on Noah's face:

NOAH
You want me to stand here?

VOICE
Yes.

There's still some sharpee dinosaur left on his face.

NOAH
Right here. In this exact spot.

VOICE
Yes. Is that a problem?

Reveal: Noah is standing BESIDE Anna in the wedding procession.

She looks at him with a tinge of amusement.

Noah answers the PASTOR:

NOAH
No. No problem.

PASTOR
Great! Hold tight for just one second guys-

He scoots off and talks to Mark at the altar. Anna seizes the moment-

ANNA
Is standing beside me really so terrible?

NOAH
You want to know the only thing better than that loaded gun of a question?

ANNA
What?

NOAH
An actual loaded gun.

Anna laughs. The kind of laugh one laughs when they know they're in a fight but don't want to admit it just yet.

ANNA
So Fleetwood Mac, huh?

NOAH
Huh.

ANNA
Were you maybe lying to me?

NOAH
Why would I do that?

ANNA
I could always tell when you were lying.

NOAH
Which is bizarre, because I never lied to you.

ANNA
False.

NOAH
Truth.

ANNA
You told me you read Eat Pray Love when I gave it to you but when I quizzed you it turned out you didn't get passed the second chapter.

NOAH
That's not a lie. That's a man preserving the integrity of his dick.

ANNA
I think Jesus would call it a lie.

NOAH
I think Jesus would understand and then call your kettle black.

ANNA
What's on your face?

NOAH
A giant cock.

ANNA
So then. Why don't you tell me about the real Los Angeles?

NOAH

Why don't you tell me how your folks are doing?

ANNA

What was the cross-country drive like?

NOAH

How're the preschoolers?

ANNA

See any celebrities?

NOAH

Did Sara get into a good school?

Anna smiles, despite herself.

ANNA

No fair. Northwestern.

NOAH

You're shitting me! That's fantastic!

ANNA

You should have known that already.

NOAH

Yeah, but, you're right... I have a list of people I need to call at some point.

ANNA

Am I on that list?

NOAH

No, yeah, no. Probably not.

ANNA

I tried calling you a couple times. But your number changed. Randomly, I'm sure.

NOAH

I signed up for this lottery for phone numbers ending in 666 and sure enough, just a few days after I got to California-

ANNA

You got the antichrist-number!

NOAH
I did! Highlight of my year.

She smiles. He pretends to.

ANNA
It makes it hard for people to talk
to you when you don't tell them how
to reach you.

Noah shrugs. Stammers.

NOAH
I guess, I just, I dunno. Maybe.

ANNA
(laughs)
You're like Woody Allen, all
stammers and awkwardness.

NOAH
Yeah, well, you're like... Jaws,
man. You've scared the shit out of
me so bad I'm terrified of every
drop of water I see-

PASTOR
Okay, great, you guys all ready?

NOAH
YES!

PASTOR
That's the spirit!

Noah marches eagerly ahead with the wedding party to the
front of the church.

He does not look at Anna again, so help him God.

INT. ALTAR - DAY

Noah stands in place like a statue as everyone rehearses.
Literally. Like a fucking statue.

There is no sound. There is nothing. Just survival, standing
eight feet away from her.

INT. O'MALLEY STEAKHOUSE AND BAR - NIGHT

The rehearsal party. Informal enough. Noah sits at a table with Mark, Molly, his father and MARK'S PARENTS (who I could care less about).

Directly across from Noah's eyesight, after a table or two, is naturally Anna and Felix. Very much a couple.

DAD
So. Fleetwood Mac.

NOAH
Yeah. That's a lie.

Noah's Dad laughs. Picks the food on his plate.

DAD
Need money?

NOAH
...yes.

DAD
I'll give you twenty bucks to do a speech thing so I don't have to talk in front of all these people.

Noah smiles, the unspoken "sure thing Dad," and stands up, tapping the glass with the fork.

MOLLY
What are you doing?

NOAH
I'm speechifying you guys.

Other glasses ring out the endorsement, and all eyes are on Noah. Including you-know-who's.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Hi, uh, everyone, I'm Noah Palmer, Molly's big brother and Mark's groomsmen.

Polite applause.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Thanks, uh, everyone for coming on out. I'm really excited to get all of the gifts Molly gets two of.
(har-har laughs)
Uh, I just thought I might say a few words.

(MORE)

NOAH (CONT'D)

Mark has been kind enough to let me be a groomsman tomorrow, and naturally Molly's sister Carly will be performing maid-of-honor duties-

He claps, and everyone follows, for CARLY, Molly and Noah's half sister. Family drama.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I thought I'd just say something tonight because, first of all, Dad's pretty wasted-

Laughter. Dad stands up with his glass, downs it. Cheers.

NOAH (CONT'D)

And secondly, Molly has been one of my best friends for the last twenty-mumble-mumble years of her life. She's been the responsible little sister that got me out of trouble and I guess it makes sense that she'd be the first of us to get married off.

Molly smiles, blows him a kiss.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I don't know Mark too well, but from I can tell, he's an overly attractive guys that looks like he works out all the time but really, the trick is, he just eats burgers and drinks beer and BAM! Rock hard.

(laughter)

I remember, Mark, when I met you, when you shook my hand I thought you were gonna break it. I had planned on being the tough older brother but you diminished me in less than half a second with a handshake.

(laughter)

But it's all good. I think you might genuinely be a good guy, and a good guy is all I want for my little sister, so-

(raises glass)

To Molly and Mark!

EVERYONE

To Molly and Mark!

Everyone toasts, and Noah takes his seat.

MOLLY
That was sweat No'.

DAD
Also short. Thanks.

Before Noah can respond, there's another *ding-ding-ding* of a glass, and all eyes turn over to Anna, now standing. Now toasting.

NOAH
Son of a bitch...

ANNA
Hi everyone, my name is Anna Cliver, I'm one of Molly's bridesmaid tomorrow, wooo!

The crowd cheers and woos with her. Noah drinks.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Noah already did a pretty good exposition job with his speech, so I'll skip that. But I'll never forget the first time I met Molly-

Molly covers her head in shame-

ANNA (CONT'D)
That's right Molly, I still haven't forgiven you. It was kindergarten, a few years back, and us youngin's were playing hide and go seek, and I was hiding, Molly was seeking. And I was under the wooden jungle gym fort thingy, and I guess there had been some antagonism between us kindergartners previously, because when Molly found me, instead of saying "found you" or something like that, she kicked me full force in the nose.

The wedding party reacts with laughing gasps.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Blood gushing everywhere, all over my clothes, I'm running around screaming, bloods going all over her clothes, like a Japanese horror film-

She breaks down laughing, as is everyone. She then becomes teary eyed. Felix offers her a supporting hand.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 And I knew then that I'd be her
 bridesmaid.

More laughter.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 Rest assured Mark, you ever cross
 her, she'll beat the shit out of
 you. Although knowing you, you'd
 probably love that.

Even more laughter. Mark, slightly drunk, agrees.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 (raises glass)
 To my beautiful Molly, whom I have
 loved growing up with, and look
 forward to growing older beside.

EVERYONE
 To Molly!

Molly gets up and rushes over to Anna. The two girls embrace,
 doing their girl thing.

Noah grinds his teeth.

INT. BAR - LATER

Noah approaches the bar-

NOAH
 I want something lethal man.

BARTENDER
 Coming right up.

The Bartender heads off. Noah looks down the bar and sees
 Kelli smiling back at him.

KELLI
 Lethal, huh.

NOAH
 You have no idea.

The Bartender returns with a shot. Attention to Kelli.

KELLI
 Same.

Noah eyes the shot glass.

NOAH
What do you think it is?

KELLI
Gasoline.

NOAH
Sweet. I'll wait for you.

KELLI
What a gentleman.

The bartender hands Kelli a similar shotglass. She raises it.

KELLI (CONT'D)
To suicide.

They tap shotglasses and down them. And nearly die.

NOAH
Ohmygod-

KELLI
Holyfuck-

They laugh and cough. She slaps him on the shoulder.

KELLI (CONT'D)
As you were, cap'n.

And slides away again. He watches her go. Soon becoming lost in thought, and her walk, which is totally aweso-

FELIX
Bonjour.

Noah slowly turns to find Felix sitting beside him.

NOAH
Hey.

FELIX
Hello.

NOAH
Bonjour.

Felix grins, drinks from his glass of wine.

He really is an attractive little fucko.

FELIX
So how are you, man?

We realize almost instantly that Felix has almost NO FRENCH ACCENT.

NOAH
I'm doing what I do best, Kate.
Survivin'.

FELIX
I hear you.

They both drink. And Noah is honest.

NOAH
How is she?

FELIX
She's good. She's happy. Far as I
can tell.

NOAH
...Good.

FELIX
Ya mean that?

NOAH
Sometimes. I dunno. By the way. I
hope you die.

FELIX
Yeah. I get that.

The men drink again. They look across the bar and see Anna.
She is STUNNING.

NOAH
I barely recognize her.

FELIX
Shorter hair suits her.

NOAH
Barely.

FELIX
But it works, right.

NOAH
(less conviction)
Barely.

She looks at them. Waves. Noah looks at his drink. Felix
waves back.

She walks over. Sits beside Felix.

ANNA
(to bartender)
A zinfandel.

FELIX
My tab.
(re: Noah)
His too.

NOAH
Mine's on Jack Palmer's tab. Keep
it there please.

He obliges.

Anna begins taping on the bar. Noah listens.

We realize it's MORSE CODE.

ANNA
(subtitled/morse)
U O-K?

Noah smiles bitterly, shakes his head and taps back:

NOAH
Oh come on...
(morse)
P-L-E-A-S-E S-T-O-P.

FELIX
I was in LA for a few weeks when I
was younger. Really loved it there.
What do you think?

ANNA
I W-A-N-T U-S T-O B-E O-K.

NOAH
(grinds his teeth)
Yeah, it's great.
(morse)
F-U-C-K O-F-F.

She begins replying, as she gets her drink.

ANNA
(to bartender)
Thank you.
(morse)
E-A-S-Y N-O.

NOAH
S-T-O-P I-T.

FELIX
Are you guys Morseing?

ANNA
Yes baby.

Noah visibly reacts to "baby". Anna visibly reacts to his reaction.

She's hurting.

Felix listens as Noah taps on the bar. He stares straight ahead. Into HELL.

NOAH
She knows if she morses to me I
have to answer.
(morse)
P-L-E-A-S-E L-E-A-V-E.

FELIX
Why?

NOAH
Because for some God-forsaken
reason I'm intensely OCD about
morse code.

ANNA
(morse)
D-O Y-O-U H-A-T-E M-E.

FELIX
You learned it for Chett?

NOAH
Well. Duh.

Anna looks genuinely distraught.

But before she can say or morse anything else-

KELLI
Hey, you ready?

Noah, Felix and Anna look up at Kelli, who stands expectantly for Noah.

NOAH
What?

KELLI
 (annoyed)
 You ready to go?
 (to Anna, all smiles)
 Hi, I'm Kelli!

ANNA
 Anna.

FELIX
 Felix.

KELLI
 Aw, I've heard sooooo much about
 you guys.

An awkward pause. The women smile at each other, unsure why.

KELLI (CONT'D)
 So let's go dude. I'm tired as
 shit.

NOAH
 Yes ma'am.

Noah leaves the bar, without so much as a glance to Anna.

KELLI
 So nice meeting you!

Kelli follows him out. Anna remains at the bar.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Kelli leaves the bar, and searches the parking lot for Noah.

KELLI
 Dude?

From across the parking lot, she sees a hand shoot up from behind a car. Confused, she heads towards it...

She finds Noah, doubled over, fingers pressed tightly to his eyes, trying his best not to sob. Failing spectacularly.

KELLI (CONT'D)
 Oh, no no no. Heyyyy. It's okay.

She scoots down on the ground beside him.

She doesn't say anything. She doesn't touch him. She just sits beside him as he cries his heart out.

After a while-

NOAH

I love you so much right now, by
the way.

KELLI

I know. I was pretty awesome.

Noah smiles. Tries drying his eyes.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Walk me home?

NOAH

In like... three minutes.

KELLI

That's cool.

They sit there, on the pavement between the cars.

EXT. SIDEWALK, HARRISBURG - NIGHT

Kelli and Noah walk through Harrisburg, along the coast of
the Susquehanna River.

Across the River is CITY ISLAND, the youth hot spot of
Harrisburg. The barlights light up the river peacefully.

KELLI

He was my first kiss.

NOAH

No way! Seriously?

KELLI

Yeah, and then he went and kissed
Susie Brennans. The tramp.

NOAH

Oh nos! Does my sister know about
this?

KELLI

You're damn right she does. I wrote
her a letter warning her.

INSERT:

Kelli's letter, written like a second grader, warning her of
marrying Mark.

EXT. CITY ISLAND, HARRISBURG - CONTINUOUS

KELLI

So I hadn't seen him since elementary school, and then we wound up in the same college, became friends, then online friends, then he said he was getting married in H-Burg, and I said, oh wow, I'm working in Philly the Thursday before, I can swing this. And alas, here I am.

NOAH

What do you do?

KELLI

I work in insurance sales for large businesses.

NOAH

Wow. That sounds incredibly boring.

KELLI

And what's your job?

NOAH

I write epic novels about the human condition in Russian.

KELLI

You're unemployed.

NOAH

Yeah, life's a bitch.

KELLI

That it is. And lo, speaking of bitch...

She trails off. Noah sighs and carries on.

NOAH

And lo. She left me.

KELLI

I'm sorry. What happened?

NOAH

She found greener pastures.

KELLI

Like... literally or figuratively?

NOAH

Like... we were engaged and went to a movie and afterwards at dinner she started crying and told me she slept with someone else and... he had greener pastures.

KELLI

Wow. Fuck. So how the hell is she in your sister's wedding?

Noah looks at her. It is all the exposition she needs.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Oh, that's bullshit! Why the fuck didn't you tell anyone?

NOAH

I dunno. It just seemed... gross. Like, she's part of the family at this point you know? Her and Molly were friends forever, and then more so when we dated. I mean, she took my Dad to Spring Awakening for his birthday one year.

KELLI

Spring Awakening?

NOAH

There's nudity on stage. He didn't believe it was a real thing.

KELLI

She get him those seats on stage?

NOAH

Of course.

KELLI

Of course. Still, I think your nobility is misguided.

Noah laughs.

NOAH

Well, if I said something now I'd just be a whiny bitch.

KELLI

You're crying in parking lots dude.

NOAH
I am crying in parking lots, aren't
I.

KELLI
Yep.

NOAH
Fuck.

KELLI
Do you remember what it was like
before you were just a whiny bitch?

Noah tries to remember:

BEFORE-NOAH-WAS-A-WHINY-BITCH MONTAGE

In about 10 seconds, we see a dense montage of Noah with Anna-making out, having sex, eating dinner, sleeping, at the movies, playing paintball, playing with dogs.

The entire montage is shown in 3-D. Since the audience will not have 3-D glasses, it's gonna look pretty fucking weird. Afterall:

EXT. CITY ISLAND, HARRISBURG - CONTINUOUS

KELLI
3-D sucks.

Noah laughs.

NOAH
But you know what I mean.

Kelli pushes her lips together.

Across the river, firework erupt after a minor league baseball game ends. They explode in the sky and fade away.

KELLI
Oh, wow.

Noah looks at them, then at her, as they reflect in the water. Smiles to himself.

INT. CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

They are about three pints into it. Not drunk, but having a grand old time.

KELLI

So New Orleans, to Atlanta, to
Miami, to Fort Laud-

NOAH

Oh my gosh, stop it. I'm gonna have
a panic attack just listening to
this.

KELLI

Never France though. Your girl, is
she like, a Francophile or
something?

NOAH

I dunno. I think she just might've
been a bit of a twat.

They clang their pints together.

KELLI

But really, how'd that all go down?

NOAH

I don't know. I don't care.

He drinks quietly. Notices THE BURN SCAR from a removed
tattoo on her ring finger.

NOAH (CONT'D)

You have a burn scar on your
finger.

KELLI

Yep.

NOAH

So how'd that all go down?

KELLI

Wrote my name on a piece of paper.

Noah laughs and kills the rest of his pint.

NOAH

It's like you have a real life.

KELLI

What?

NOAH

Like... I keep feeling like I'm waiting for my life to begin, and people all around me my age are, ya know, married with houses and jobs that pay six figures and it's like they're alive. Miserable, sometimes, I know, but alive. I feel like I'm cryogenically frozen as this lost quarterlife shit that's angry at everything all the time.

KELLI

I wish I could be cryogenically frozen.

NOAH

Emotionally or physically?

KELLI

Both? I mean, when you really think about it, in a hundred years, we'll probably be more artificial than human.

NOAH

(sighs)

That sounds so good.

KELLI

I know. And drug development will probably be at the point where you take a pill when you're feeling a little blue, and it picks you right up to the perfect level.

NOAH

Time travel.

KELLI

Fucking time travel dude. Dinosaurs and Jesuses.

NOAH

Go back in time and fix all your mistakes.

KELLI

My mistakes?

NOAH

No, like, ye all mistakes.

KELLI

Right. Well you know they haven't invented time travel yet, because they haven't visited us or anything.

NOAH

Or what if they have, and we're just on the course corrected timeline? Like, I was supposed to get fucked in the ass figuratively by Anna because if we had gotten married something... else would have happened. Like maybe all our kids would have been violently murdered by CyberManson, and so someone went back in time and had that relationship fail so neither of us would have to deal with that agony.

Beat.

KELLI

You've actually thought about this before, haven't you.

NOAH

Every day.

KELLI

Wouldn't it be smarter just to go back and destroy CyberManson?

NOAH

I get stuck on time travel plot holes a lot.

KELLI

Ah. Happens to the best of us.

NOAH

It-

Noah stops, and looks at the hotel entrance.

FELIX AND ANNA walk arm in arm through the lobby to an elevator. They get in. Totally oblivious that they are being watched.

Kelli watches the elevator doors close and bursts into laughter.

NOAH (CONT'D)
(smile)
What?

KELLI
Nothing!

NOAH
Tell me!

KELLI
It's so wrong!

NOAH
What!

KELLI
Dude. Your ex-fiance's about to get
fucked in the ass. Literally not
figuratively.

Noah stares at her, momentarily shocked. And then bursts into
laughter as well.

NOAH
Wow. I so hope that's true. I hope
it fucking hurts.

They keep laughing. More than a little ridiculous now.

She finishes her pint, turns to him.

KELLI
I have a job, and a minibar.

Noah tries his best not to hide his surprise.

He fails admirably.

NOAH
I want both.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Noah and Kelli are sitting on the bed, tiny bottles in hand.

They are drunk.

NOAH
So you're really divorced?

KELLI
Yeah. Why the "really"?

NOAH

I dunno. You seem... really young to be divorced?

KELLI

That's entirely because I am really young to be divorced. I don't want to speak out-of-turn, considering I'm not that much older than your bride-to-be sister, but getting hitched young was an awful fucking choice. Ya know that tribe in Africa, they put those rings around their necks every year as they grow, until they have super long necks, and how if they ever removed all the rings their necks would just snap? That is exactly what getting married young is like. Unnatural and neck-breaking.

NOAH

(laughs)

That's a great analogy.

KELLI

Thank you. I've gotten a lot of mileage out of it, trust me.

NOAH

How long ago?

KELLI

Not long enough.

NOAH

Long enough for what?

KELLI

To want to get married again.

NOAH

Sometimes I feel like one serious girlfriend's all I got in me for a lifetime. I can't imagine multiple marriages. Most married couples I know are though.

KELLI

I know, it's so weird right? It keeps me up at night. I'm gonna be one of those women.

NOAH

Yeah if this was the fifties, you'd be a massive bruised apple.

KELLI

I'd be a fucking harlot is what I'd be. So you've only had the one serious girlfriend?

NOAH

More or less. I "dated" girls before, in like, Jr. High. None as long or as... epic. Obviously.

KELLI

We dated for three collegiate years. He was my entire college experience. I didn't even have a cliched lesbian hook-up.

She lays down, and puts her hand on his foot. He blushes, and puts his hand on her foot.

KELLI (CONT'D)

You have hobbit feet.

NOAH

You thankfully do not. I'm amazed you're touching mine.

KELLI

Dude I've been married. All my girly gross-outs have graduated far beyond feet.

She moves her left foot and shows him it's sole, where a three inch scar runs through it.

NOAH

Whoa the fuck is this!

KELLI

When I was nine, I was running outside in flip flops, which make it particularly hard to explore in the forest with, so I ditched them and moments later, naturally, I spiked a broken beer bottle through my foot.

NOAH

Fuccccccccccck-

KELLI

Eighteen stitches, bitch. I've wanted to get it tattooed up. How hard would that make me?

NOAH

Really fucking hard. And psychotic. I went on a blind date with a girl that had tattoos on her arm, but she wanted to have her arm chopped off because it was holding her back.

Kelli has no words for this. Lays back on the bed.

KELLI

Signs and wonders.

Noah runs his finger along the scar.

Without really thinking about it, he KISSES it gently and quickly.

Kelli smiles, nearly blushes, and quickly tries to pretend it didn't happen.

KELLI (CONT'D)

I got this one-

She curls away from him and pulls down the back of her shirt, revealing her bare shoulder blade, save for her bra strap and a tattoo of what looks like a child's drawing of a spaceman.

KELLI (CONT'D)

My six year old nephew drew that when we were at the beach last year with markers, and when my sister took a picture of it and showed me, I just headed straight down to the gnarliest tattoo parlor in south Jersey, got it inked in.

NOAH

Awesome. Congrats on now having AIDS, by the way.

KELLI

Thanks! And I got this one.

She rolls on her back, hikes up her shirt to show her ribcage, where latin scrawl is etched fantastically close to her breast. Which neither we nor Noah see (perverts).

NOAH

Ah, the typical latin scrawl-

KELLI

Italian. This is a real quote written in *Eye-talian* from "Orlando Furioso", which happens to be my favorite book.

NOAH

"Orlando Furioso" is a total of no one's favorite book.

KELLI

"Nature made him, and then broke the mould." I, of course, in complete disregard to the original text, changed it to the feminine.

NOAH

I still don't believe it's your favorite book.

KELLI

I don't give a shit what you believe, I've got a tattoo on my ribcage and that's all I need. Snob.

NOAH

No, I mean, I do like it. I just don't think I could ever get a quote tattoo, as intellectually genuine and undeniable sexy as yours seems to be.

KELLI

Why thank you, and why not?

NOAH

I'd just be afraid I'd sound liiiiiiiike a pretentious little shit.

KELLI

That's probably because you would be, but if you can't lord something over the many peons out there, what can you do? Got any tattoos?

NOAH

No, not yet.

KELLI

Got any scars?

Something turns in Noah. He considers his reply. Answers honestly.

NOAH

Some.

KELLI

Where! How!

Suddenly, he's that awkward guy again. Quiet, and when he tries to start, only stammers come out.

NOAH

Hm, well, I guess, uh, after, um. After Anna left me, there was like... a two or three week period where she wasn't quite with Felix and wasn't quite finished with me. And even though she'd fucked him she didn't, she like, didn't know what she wanted? And I don't think he ever really knew about me before hand, or to what context he did or not, actually none of that matters, fuck him, he's French.

Noah clears his throat. Prepares himself.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Anyway, I dunno, I guess I was too shell-shocked to really make a stand because I mean literally one day the rest of my life is relatively planned out and the next it's all gone. And we'd fight and she'd tell me what I needed to do to keep her or some shit. And of course they got ugly and nasty and never ending, and... she told me she started to, like, cut herself to release the pain or whatever. And that was fucking awful just in words but then she'd just send like, pic texts of these like, super thin cut lines like... shooting fucking stars that she said she put on her stomach because of me, or Felix, or the situation. And the texts never had any words it would just be the pictures. And one day I just...

(MORE)

NOAH (CONT'D)

fucking lost it and grabbed a pair of scissors and tore up my thigh real bad. I took a picture of it and I was going to send it when I kind of, I dunno, beamed back into my body and... I said fuck it and by the end of the week I was sleeping in my car on a beach in Santa Monica. It was just too much and I don't, I didn't know what the fuck else to do.

He fiddles with his feet, refusing to make eye contact.

KELLI

And they scarred?

NOAH

Yeah. I mean, nothing crazy or anything, but... I've got her on me now.

They are quiet. He collapses backwards.

KELLI

Can I see it?

NOAH

No. Not really.

She lays her head beside his thigh, and lightly runs her fingers on it.

And then she softly kisses his thigh.

It is either one of the greatest or most painful moments of Noah's life.

He sits up and lays down on the bed beside her. They spoon.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Thanks for saving me tonight.

KELLI

If I hadn't, what might have happened?

NOAH

I either would have hit her or fucked her.

(sincerely)

Probably both.

KELLI

I know exactly what you mean.

She wraps his arm around her.

KELLI (CONT'D)

If you want to just use each other tonight, we can do that.

NOAH

Okay. But not really, no. This has kind've been a great night, I don't want to fuck it up.

She reaches and turns out the light.

NOAH (CONT'D)

And I kinda might like you.

In the dark, a tiny smile.

KELLI

Have I told you how much I hate my left leg?

They laugh, and cozy up closer.

KELLI (CONT'D)

(whispers)
Noah?

NOAH

(whispers)
What?

KELLI

(whispers)
She literally has a cock in her ass right now.

They both burst into laughter. Idiots. Goodnight.

EST. HARRISBURG - MORNING

The sunrise over the Susquehanna River. Swoon.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Noah is getting dressed when Kelli awakes, and rolls over to him, sleepy-eyed.

KELLI
Ah, the old spoon and split.

NOAH
I wasn't going to spoon and split.
I swear.

KELLI
Whatever. We're only going to the
same day-long event.

She smiles. Uber. Babe.

KELLI (CONT'D)
Your sister's getting married
today. My first boyfriend's getting
married today.

NOAH
That's insane. I feel old and
withered. And moderately hung over.

KELLI
(groans)
Me too. Where's your suit?

NOAH
In my car. At the bar.

KELLI
Go get it. I'll wake up when you
get back.

She rolls over. He grins and heads out the door.

EXT. STREETS OF HARRISBURG - MORNING

Noah walks through the sleepy streets.

It's a good morning.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - MORNING

Kelli, still in the clothes she fell asleep in, straightens
Noah's tie. He looks fucking good.

KELLI
You look fucking good.

NOAH
Yeah?

KELLI

Mhmm.

He checks himself out in the mirror.

NOAH

Cool.

He takes a deep breath, and heads out to the room-

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

NOAH

Alrighty. I'm off to brave the day
and not kill myself.

She salutes him.

KELLI

Good luck, Captain.

He salutes her back.

NOAH

When will I see you over there?

KELLI

Miss me already?

He smiles, doesn't answer. He turns to open the door.

KELLI (CONT'D)

Hey Noah.

He turns-

NOAH

Yeah-

And *SHE KISSES HIM*.

It's THE kiss. The one that wins MTV Best Kiss Awards because it turned on so many teens that approximately five thousand babies were born as a result (and twice as many abortions had).

When it ends, Noah is, rightfully, speechless.

KELLI

Go get 'em.

She heads into the bathroom. She takes off her shirt, exposing her totally bare and tattooed back, and kicks the door shut behind her.

Noah stands there, completely still.

The bathroom door locks.

He explodes into the biggest grin imaginable, and heads out-

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kelli leans against the sink as she hears Noah leave.

Stares into nowhere.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Down the hallway, full of all the confidence in the world.

EXT. CHURCH - MORNING

Noah trots up the steps to the church, and swings open the big doors-

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

And walks right in front of Anna kissing Felix.

Not making out or anything crazy.

But still. Kissing.

His buzz comes crashing down HARD.

They see him. The most awkward stand off in the history of cinema.

NOAH

So. Is Molly here yet?

ANNA

Yes-

NOAH

Then you're being a shitty
bridesmaid, aren't you.

Noah walks past them briskly, and up a flight of stairs.

INT. SUNDAY SCHOOL ROOM - MORNING

Noah sits down in a tiny child's purple plastic chair, cell phone to his ear.

SKYLAR
 (answers phone)
 ...did you fuck her...

NOAH
 No, hi, I slept with someone else
 last night.

INT. SKYLAR'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A previously sleeping Skylar wakes instantly, sitting up in bed.

SKYLAR
 Seriously?

INT. SUNDAY SCHOOL ROOM/SKYLAR'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

NOAH
 Not... sexually. But she did kiss
 me.

SKYLAR
 That's what I'm talking about son!
 Yes! Yes!

NOAH
 I feel awful.

SKYLAR
 No! No!

NOAH
 No, not about kissing her. That was
 fucking awesome.

SKYLAR
 Then what's wrong?

NOAH
 I'm just a fucking mess and I'm
 tired of it. This chick has
 "Orlando Furioso" tattooed right
 under her boob. But I mean, so
 what, we... We could date for nine
 years and get married and have kids
 and own a mortgage and she...
 (MORE)

NOAH (CONT'D)
she could still just up and leave me for anyone, particularly of the French hipster persuasion. And I would trade all nine fucking years for one fucking day where I don't think about all the ways where I fucking suck at fucking life.

SKYLAR
...What the hell is "Orlando Furioso"?

NOAH
It's this Italian classic. It's cool.

The two friends are quiet, coast-to-coast.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Shit, did I wake you up?

SKYLAR
Mhmm.

NOAH
I keep forgetting about time change.

SKYLAR
Mhmm.

NOAH
I don't wanna care, I just wanna take massive amounts of expensive anti-depressants, work and sleep and hang out and forget everything about that fucking bitch so I can stop being a whiny bitch.

There is a knock at the door. It quietly opens, and Anna is standing there. She waves silently.

Noah stares at her blankly.

NOAH (CONT'D)
So I gotta go right now.

SKYLAR
What? Why?

NOAH
Worst case scenario.

He hangs up the phone. She closes the door quietly. Another awkward pause that Noah Baumbach would have an orgasm over.

ANNA

You look really handsome Noah.

She looks fucking amazing.

NOAH

You look... thin.

ANNA

Thanks.

Another pause, as she checks out the room.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Did we ever... do it in here?

NOAH

...We never did it in a church.

ANNA

We totally did.

NOAH

Especially not in a Sunday School room.

She pulls up another plastic toy chair.

ANNA

Like... multiple times...

NOAH

What do you want, Anna?

She shrugs.

ANNA

Did you mean it?

NOAH

I'm not sure what you're specifically referring to, but the answer is probably yes.

ANNA

What you just said. About forgetting everything.

NOAH

Were you eavesdropping?

ANNA
No way! I heard what you said
telepathically.

NOAH
That's still eavesdropping-

ANA
More like mind dropping-

NOAH
And yeah, I meant it. I'd Eternal
Sunshine you in a heartbeat.

She nods. Ouch.

ANNA
Nine years is a long time.

NOAH
Not long enough.

ANNA
Fuck man! These conversations just
go in circles, with you finding
clever ways to twist what I say
into statements about how much of a
bitch I am.

NOAH
I never start the conversations.

ANNA
You never end them either.

NOAH
How the fuck do I end this
conversation, Anna? Please, tell
me, because I would love to put a
period at the end of this godawful
novel.

ANNA
It's just, I mean, you moved across
the country from me, all of a
sudden, like you were raptured-

NOAH
Because I was running away from
you!

ANNA
Well, don't!

NOAH
What? How does that make sense?

ANNA
I don't know Noah! I-I-I don't, I mean, who knows what might've-

NOAH
Don't you *fucking* dare-

ANNA
Noooooo, Noah, I'm not saying that-

NOAH
What are you saying-

ANNA
I DON'T KNOW! WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT?

NOAH
I want you back or I want you to die!

She's laughs, though she finds nothing particularly funny.

ANNA
Ouch? And you wouldn't take me back.

NOAH
I'd be miserable if you died too. It's a lose-lose-lose situation.

They're quiet again.

ANNA
I'm glad you wouldn't... throw a parade if I perished.

NOAH
Well, part of me probably would. But nine years is a really long time.

ANNA
Look, I know... I fucked up. But I love him Noah.

Noah stares at her, momentarily speechless.

NOAH
Did you love him when you fucked him?

ANNA

No. But I do now.

NOAH

Why'd you do it. I still have no idea.

ANNA

It was just what was supposed to happen. I wish it didn't, not like that, but it did. And I'm sorry for hurting your heart.

Noah keeps staring at her, waiting for her to look him in the eye. She does eventually, briefly, and looks away.

NOAH

That's why these conversations never end. Because you pull that card. And you don't love him, you just love having a reason to justify your shit into a legitimate relationship.

She remains quiet, watching him.

He gets up. The child's chair sticks to him, and he punches it away. It crashes into toys loudly.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I love things too ya know.

ANNA

I know-

NOAH

I happen to love Los Angeles, and I love David Cronenberg movies, and I love St. Vincent.

ANNA

I know-

NOAH

And I love going to museums and Bob Baker's Marionette Theatre and I love King Kong and I love...

(thinks about it)

Minibars and hotel rooms... and I love... fucking... Netflix...

Noah is slowly but surely losing it.

She stands up too. Her chair doesn't stick. Of course.

ANNA

It's okay.

NOAH

It's not fucking okay. I'm a real catch. I-I-I treat women right and I open the doors for them and I make great mix-tapes with singers they've never heard before and I always stand on the outside when we're walking on the street in case a drunk driver jumps the curb-

ANNA

No one knows this more than me-

NOAH

That's the fucking point, you moron!

They are either about to get into a fist fight. Or fuck.

NOAH (CONT'D)

That's exactly the point.

Noah leaves as fast as he can.

INT. CHURCH HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Noah, looking shell-shocked and shit-slapped, walks down the stairs and through the crowded church lobby.

Kelli is there, looking gorgeous, and watches him. He passes through the crowd not seeing anyone, and heads towards a different room of the church.

She turns her attention back the way he came, and sees Anna descend the stairs, and head the opposite way, to the ladies room.

INT. LADIES ROOM - DAY

Anna is reapplying her make-up when Kelli walks in, and begins doing the same.

ANNA

Noah's friend, right? Kelli?

KELLI

Oh, hi there! Anna, right?

ANNA

Yeah, look, if you're gonna... let me have it or something... just go for it.

KELLI

I'm not gonna let you have it.

ANNA

Thanks.

KELLI

I mean, no offense, but if everything he told me is true, which I imagine it is, you deserve what you get. But not from me. I've been that girl at a bar destroying a boy that loves her so.

ANNA

How'd that work out for you?

KELLI

Probably not as well as it seems to be working out for you.

She finishes up.

ANNA

Are you seeing him?

KELLI

I met him yesterday.

She closes up her purse and walks out.

KELLI (CONT'D)

But he's one helluva kisser.

Anna watches her go.

INT. MARK'S BACKSTAGE ROOM - MORNING

Noah sits beside Mark as they wait for everything to get started. Mark taps his foot anxiously, while Noah looks off into nowhere.

MARK

You good bro?

NOAH

Are you good?

MARK

Yeah. I keep being paranoid that something terrible's going to happen.

NOAH

Don't be.

MARK

(laughs)

I wish I could just click and obey.

NOAH

I know exactly what you mean. But it's all gonna be okay. You'll see. Trust me.

MARK

Okay. I think I'm going to be a kick-ass husband Noah.

NOAH

Oh yeah? Why do you think that?

MARK

Because what could be better than her?

Noah is quiet for a moment, before looking up at Mark.

NOAH

That's literally the best thing I've ever heard.

MARK

Do you wanna hear my vows?

NOAH

Absolutely.

He pulls out a page from his suit jacket. He breathes in to speak and-

INT. CHURCH ALTAR - MORNING

He is at the altar, with his beautiful bride to be, giving his vows.

Noah and the rest of the bridal party stand on the steps of the altar looking up at the couple and pastor.

Mark reads from the sheet, not a professional writer or speaker by any means, but genuine and perfect none the less.

MARK

I thought long and hard about asking you to marry me. I think it's safe to say that our relationship was perfect just the way it was, don't you think? And so I thought, should we even get married if things are so good? And I came up with the fact that I couldn't think of anything better than to marry you.

Mark starts getting teary eyed. Molly's already a mess. Oh, weddings.

MARK (CONT'D)

Because you are the best person I've ever known, and the coolest, and the downright sexiest.

Mark's father from the pews shouts "Amen!", and everyone laughs.

MARK (CONT'D)

Thanks Dad. And I'm not good at a lot of things, and you know this more than anybody. But I promise to always be there for you, even when you're puking or watching Sex and the City, and I promise to always be faithful and respectful to you and your needs. I want to be your husband because I don't know what else I would ever want from life than to put you first and make you-

He turns the page over.

MARK (CONT'D)

As happy as you can possibly be. And that's why I can't wait to be your husband.

He puts down the sheet. Molly hugs him instantly. A chorus of "awwwwwwwwwwwwwww's" and eye-wiping.

Noah watches his sister, his new brother, and not Anna.

He smiles. This is awesome.

PHOTOGRAPHS

The requisite wedding party photographs. Anna with the bridesmaids. Noah with the groomsmen. Everyone together.

Noah smiles his way through them like a fucking champ.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Noah leaves the church and admires the view outside. Central Pennsylvania can be surprisingly beautiful.

He searches the remaining guests for Kelli.

FELIX

Central Pennsylvania, huh. It's no LA, I'm guessing.

Noah turns, and finds Felix standing against the wall, in his cute tailored vest, smoking a French cigarette.

NOAH

I guess not.

Taps out the ash.

FELIX

You really upset Anna last night.

Noah searches his mind for last night.

NOAH

I don't even... remember what I said that was bad last night...

FELIX

Lovely. Okay, listen to me.

Another puff.

FELIX (CONT'D)

I didn't know about you when it happened. I promise. I didn't know about you until you were already in Los Angeles.

Noah regards the Frenchman.

NOAH

Seriously?

FELIX

Seriously.

NOAH
You didn't get... any... Picture
text messages?

FELIX
No, I did.

NOAH
Then how did you not know about me?

FELIX
Wait... what kind of pictures are
we talking about here?

NOAH
What kind are you talking about?

FELIX
...The good kind?

NOAH
Oh, fuck! Fuck!

Noah tries not to lose his fucking mind again.

NOAH (CONT'D)
The ones she sent me probably
weren't even fucking real. Fuck.
I'm so glad you smoke cigarettes.

FELIX
These are herbal.

NOAH
Damn you and your hipster French
pretensions saving your life!

Felix smiles, puts it out.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Felix, if you know what she did to
me, why the fuck would you be with
her?

FELIX
Because there was my life before
her, and then after, and I liked
the latter a lot more.
(in French)
And I could never let you go, no
matter what goes on / Cause I love
you more than ever now that the
past is gone.

NOAH

Three things. One, you're fucking lame for doing that. Two, she's not Jesus Christ and three, don't quote Dylan to me in French. That's just wrong.

FELIX

(laughs)
You know French?

NOAH

I know Dylan.

Noah turns his back on Felix and admires the scenery.

NOAH (CONT'D)

You know why I love Pennsylvania? It's because she's gone through a ton of shit and powered through. She survived the French. The British. The Civil War. Gettysburg. Nine-Eleven. Santorum. And look at her.

Her looks back at Felix.

NOAH (CONT'D)

She's still better than France.

And with that, he walks away.

FELIX

France survived Nazi's!

NOAH

(not turning back)
D-Day, motherfucker!

INT. DAD'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Noah and his father pull into a parking space at the packed lot of the reception. Noah's Dad turns off the car, and sighs.

DAD

I took dance lessons for this.

NOAH

You're shitting me.

DAD

It was like getting a weekly
colonoscopy.

Noah laughs.

DAD (CONT'D)

Least it's not that Butterfly
Kisses crap.

Noah's Dad stares at the full parking lot, with more cars
coming in all the time.

DAD (CONT'D)

All of these people here for my
little Molly. If that ain't the
shit, I don't know what is.

Despite being a packed parking lot, under this new light,
it's oddly beautiful.

NOAH

I don't know either.

DAD

I do know that you didn't come home
last night.

Dad looks over at him, a devilish glint in his eye.

NOAH

I didn't do that, trust me.

DAD

Whatever.

Noah goes to get out of the car, but his Dad stops him.

DAD (CONT'D)

Hey. Are you okay?

NOAH

Yeah, I'm great.

His Dad keeps looking at him. Noah is honest.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I'm really close to becoming a
cynical misogynist that hates the
world and doesn't believe in love
or faithfulness or anything beyond
basic animal instincts and
Darwinism.

Dad smiles. Surveys his son.

DAD
No, you're not.

NOAH
I'm not?

DAD
Naw. You're twice the man I am.

This moves Noah more than he could ever hope to articulate.

NOAH
Dad...

DAD
I'm not gonna say you'll find an amazing girl, or you'll lead an incredible, joy-filled life. I want those two things for you more than anything, but I don't know if that stuff winds up in everyone's cards. But I do know you. And you won't be that blah blah cynical hater no matter how bad it gets, and you know why?

NOAH
No. I don't know anymore.

Noah's Dad smiles.

DAD
Because you're Noah Palmer, and you're the shit.

Noah smiles.

NOAH
Thanks Dad.

DAD
You're welcome. Now let's roll.

NOAH
Yessir.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - AFTERNOON

Noah finds his spot at the head table. Anna is there. They don't acknowledge each other.

On his specially made name card, there's a phone number scrawled in pen on it. He pulls out of his phone, and dials.

Ring ring. Ring ring.

KELLI (PHONE)

I'm going to tell you a story, and you are going to sit there and listen, understand?

He looks for her in the crowd-

KELLI (PHONE) (CONT'D)

Don't! Just look straight ahead.

He obeys.

KELLI (PHONE) (CONT'D)

His name is Carl. He's about to turn thirty. He has brown hair, and green eyes. They look like planets, sometimes. He is five foot eleven. Stand up, Noah.

Noah smiles, obeys.

NOAH

It's been so long since I've gotten bossed around. Not.

KELLI (PHONE)

Happy to help. Walk towards the little boy in the blue suit to your right.

He looks, and sure enough, finds the little boy in the blue suit.

NOAH

That's my cousin. His name is Jeb.

KELLI (PHONE)

There are real people named Jeb?

NOAH

Yeah. Wassup Jeb.

JEB

Hi No-ah.

They hug.

NOAH

I'll be right back, okay?

JEB

Okie.

KELLI (PHONE)

Aww. Don't milk it.

NOAH

You love it.

KELLI (PHONE)

Can I continue?

NOAH

Sure.

KELLI (PHONE)

Head to the woman also wearing white.

Noah searches. It's an easy find. He laughs.

NOAH

No. No, I do not. That bitch.

He heads across the room.

KELLI (PHONE)

Carl is from Colorado. He tries to grow facial hair, but looks like a pedophile when he does. He wanted to be an Imagineer when he was little, but wound up an architect. He doesn't hate it, though.

He arrives at the woman in white. He looks at her with complete disapproval. Bitch.

KELLI (PHONE) (CONT'D)

Go to the balloon tree.

There's a white balloon tree. He heads towards it.

KELLI (PHONE) (CONT'D)

He used to live in Chicago, but he lives in Portland now. His wife's name is Hannah. They have a baby. Already have a baby. His name is Dominick.

He arrives at the balloon tree. On the other side of the tree stands Kelli, her back to him.

KELLI (PHONE) (CONT'D)
Carl's got so much more now than he
ever had with me. And I threw it
away in less than ten minutes one
night in an Austin hotel room.

Beat. Noah almost takes a step away. Doesn't just yet.

KELLI (PHONE) (CONT'D)
So now you know.

Noah hangs up the phone. She keeps it up to her ear.

KELLI (CONT'D)
So maybe Anna did you a favor.
Course corrected time travel
fuckery or not.

NOAH
Maybe.

KELLI
And maybe everyone's an Anna in one
way or an other, because maybe
everyone's a bit of a selfish
fucktard. I'll talk to you later.

She turns around, puts the phone down. Shrugs.

KELLI (CONT'D)
Oh, hi. I didn't see you there.

NOAH
Hey.

They stand there awkwardly.

KELLI
I'm not gonna bullshit you. I know
what kind of girl I am. I'm the
kind of girl that just drops into
boy's lives and makes them fall for
her for a little bit. But you're...
you shouldn't fall for me. Because
I'm just the same girl as the one
you lost, but with better hair.

NOAH
(laughs)
For a second there, I thought you
went home.

KELLI
My flight's in a few hours.

NOAH

Good. I mean. No. I mean. I'm glad
you're still here.

She smiles.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

KELLI

Sometimes I hate my life. But I
really like your tie.

She adjusts it.

NOAH

Thanks.

She nods. A different woman might cry, but not Kelli. She's
cried enough in her life to not need to again. She smirks
instead.

KELLI

I fucking hate weddings.

A car door outside shuts, and they look out to see Molly and
Mark getting out of the limo.

KELLI (CONT'D)

To your station, captain.

He smiles and, as he walks away, takes her hand for the
tiniest of moments.

NOAH

I'm gonna dance with you.

KELLI

(silently)
Okay.

MONTAGE

The reception events. It's all so perfectly lovely. The food.
The speeches. The dances.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Noah is talking with Carly at the bar, both of whom are
nursing Shirley Temples. Dancing goes on behind them. Anna
and Felix are on the floor, dancing suuuuuuper close.

Noah does his best to ignore them.

NOAH
Can I tell you a secret?

She nods.

NOAH (CONT'D)
You were, by far, the prettiest
maid of honor of all time, and your
speech-
(kisses his fingers)
Sublime. I teared up. Put mine to
shame.

CARLY
You tear up a lot though. So...

But he's not even looking at her anymore. His eyes are on the
dancefloor, where gasps come like unwelcome rain. The band/DJ
stops playing.

Felix is kneeling before Anna.

He is proposing (duh).

FELIX
(In Fucking French.
Subtitled.)
My Anna Belle, I am but a drop into
an ocean of you. You consume me.
You continue me. Your love for me,
envelopes me in it's perfection.

He cracks out The Shiny Ring.

Anna, oblivious to all but Felix, does the cliché hands-over-
mouth-tears-in-eyes thing.

Noah looks like he just saw a suicide bomber detonate.

FELIX (CONT'D)
(English)
Will you make me eternally happy
and be my bride?

It takes her a while to say what she must say, but of course
she says it, through tears of joy.

ANNA
Yes. Yes yes yes!

She cries as he slips the ring on her finger. People coo and
applaud as the newly engaged couple hug.

NOAH
(a little too loudly)
Are you fucking serious?

The happy audience slowly diverts their attention to the crazy ex-boyfriend holding a Shirley Temple. Kelli watches from the outskirts, beside Mark and Molly.

Everyone has wide saucer eyes.

But Noah laughs.

NOAH (CONT'D)
I mean... come on... at a wedding,
that's like, the hokiest place to
propose, and all that pseudo-poetic
French bullshit? I mean-

And the laughter turns suddenly into tears.

No one knows how to react, least of all Anna or Felix.

NOAH (CONT'D)
My proposal was a lot better.

ANNA
Noah-

NOAH
Seriously though, if you're going
to cheat on me at least cheat on me
with someone awesome, like Leonardo
DiCaprio or Josh Holloway or a
lesbian. And don't get engaged to
him.

He finishes the Shirley Temple. It is deathly quiet.

NOAH (CONT'D)
There's not even any alcohol in
this.

He is now, finally, all too aware of the silence. After the worst several seconds imaginable, he quickly leaves the room.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Noah sits by himself on a low stone wall, staring out at epic Harrisburg below. He wipes the tears from his eyes when he hears Molly approaching from behind.

MOLLY

You're lucky I don't have a freaking trail on this dress, or I'd have had to send Marky Mark out to talk.

NOAH

I'm still weirded out that you call him Marky Mark, and that he looks suspiciously Wahlbergian.

Noah takes off his suit jacket and lays it beside him on the wall. Molly smiles at his thoughtfulness and hops on the wall so that she's facing him.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I'm realllllly sorry that just happened.

She shrugs.

MOLLY

The DJ recovered really well. I think shit like that might go down semi-frequently. It's totally going to be all anyone talks about at your wedding someday. And for the next three weeks in Harrisburg. I can't believe he proposed to her at my wedding. I can't believe you proposed to her and I never knew. And she said yes?

He nods.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

So you guys didn't "just break-up", did you.

NOAH

No. Not really. Not really at all.

MOLLY

Why didn't you tell me?

NOAH

I dunno. I kinda lost my mind.

Silence.

She touches his hand. And at long last, he looks his sister in the eye and tells her-

NOAH (CONT'D)

Your groomsman is kind of a bitch.

She puts her head against his.

MOLLY

Obviously.

Noah laughs. They look out at the setting sun.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I didn't know. I promise.

NOAH

I know. I'm sorry you know now.

MOLLY

Look at me.

He does. She holds his head in her hands.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You're a bitch, but I love you, and noooooo girl cheats on you, even if she was, is and will someday probably again be one of my BFF's.

NOAH

If Marky Mark ever cheats on you, I know a massive gay black dude that can revenge-rape him.

MOLLY

...I don't know what to say to that, but if he does, you better believe I'll call you on that.

NOAH

Good.

MOLLY

Was my wedding hell for you?

Noah genuinely considers this.

NOAH

Parts of it, but parts of it were kick-ass.

MOLLY

Really? Cuz of Marky Mark's sloppy seconds?

NOAH
You know it.

MOLLY
I've never met her before the other day, but from what I can tell, she seems really hot.

NOAH
She's like... really hot on the inside too.

MOLLY
Gag. But good.
(whispers)
Did you guys... *do it*?

NOAH
No. Not even a little bit.

MOLLY
That sounds gross.

NOAH
Yeah, it sounds like we considered just doing tip.

MOLLY
Blurgh!

NOAH
Says the woman getting something special from Marky Mark tonight.

MOLLY
Aaaaaaaaanyway, people are dancing. It's my wedding. You coming back?

NOAH
Of course I am. It's your wedding.

She hugs him.

MOLLY
You'll always be my favorite bridesmaid.

He smiles.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Molly dances with Mark, her shoeless feet resting on his shoes.

Everyone watches Noah, as infamous as a streaker. But worse.

Noah watches his sister, and then nearer, he sees Kelli.

And nearer still, walking towards him, is a concerned-but-also-furious looking Anna.

She bites her lip and asks slowly-

ANNA

Are you alright?

He stars down at the ground.

NOAH

Are *you* alright?

ANNA

We decided to retract the proposal.
I'm not gonna let you have that.

NOAH

Good.

(crazy awkward beat)

I'm sorry I Hiroshima'd your
moment.

ANNA

I'm sorry I... Nagasaki'd your
life.

They almost smile together. Almost.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Let's not talk to each other for
several years. If that. Okay?

NOAH

That sounds so great.

ANNA

I miss you, ya know. You bitch.

NOAH

I miss you too. Dick.

She holds out her ringless left hand in a fist.

He smiles and fist bumps it.

ANNA
And... period.

NOAH
Period.

After a moment, she pulls her hair behind her ear and walks away towards Felix.

Felix and Noah see each other. Felix shrugs and give him the finger. Noah gives him the Vulcan salute. And it's good enough for them both.

Noah stands there, momentarily lost in life, before seeing his Dad dancing with Kelli.

He laughs and walks towards them.

DAD
So Kelli, please tell me: how
attracted are you to my moustache?

KELLI
Intensely.

Dad is completely satisfied and turns to Noah.

DAD
And that's how it's done.

NOAH
I could learn a lot from you.

DAD
Ditto.

He puts his hand on his son's shoulder.

DAD (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get drunk. You better
join me tonight. I feel like we
have to talk and swap some war
stories.

NOAH
Absolutely.

DAD
Miss Kelli.

KELLI
Mister Palmer.

Dad walks away, and Kelli takes Noah's hand in hers, beginning to dance.

KELLI (CONT'D)

So that happened. Best wedding ever?

NOAH

I should feel like shit.

KELLI

You don't?

NOAH

Not now. I think I got my period. In a non-menstrual way.

KELLI

I saw a fist bump.

NOAH

Yeah. Magically there was no evisceration.

KELLI

Oooh. Say that word again.

NOAH

Eeeeevisceration.

KELLI

Damn you and your five syllable words.

NOAH

It's a long word.

KELLI

Ugh. You're going to make me have a scrabblegasm.

NOAH

I know longer words. I know like, huge dinosaur names.

KELLI

Hit me with one.

NOAH

Micropachycephalosaurus.

KELLI

Whoa. My knees just buckled.

Noah laughs. People continue to look at him like he's super-weird. He looks at her, and smiles.

NOAH

I wish you lived in Los Angeles.

KELLI

I work there every couple of months.

He nervously puts a strand of her hair behind her ear.

NOAH

I wish I was okay enough to date you. I wish I met you fifteen months from now.

She raises an eyebrow. A sexy eyebrow. A sexibrow.

KELLI

Really?

NOAH

In my head, when-slash-if I get my shit together, I'd love to call you up and say, hey Kelli, I've got my shit together, and I don't know if you're seeing someone now or married or pregnant-

KELLI

Would pregnancy be a dealbreaker?

NOAH

Depends on the context, or you're totally pissed at me for what went down at my sister's wedding, but I was wondering if I could maybe take you out on a date. And I know you live in Chicago and I live in LA and I have no money and that's weird but maybe it's not.

KELLI

Jeepers. You did fantasize a bit about me.

NOAH

I didn't sleep at all last night.

KELLI

And why do you think I'm worth a pseudo-fantastical long distance relationship scenario?

NOAH

Because I know you might think you're just like her, but you're different too. You're still dying over what you did.

She looks away. He speaks the truth.

NOAH (CONT'D)

And maybe that's a good thing, because we're all fucktards, and sometimes realizing that we have scars is the only way we can press on.

She smiles.

KELLI

Well now.

NOAH

And because I think you might be really fucking awesome, and I'd hate to blow it all by not being able to give you the best of me.

She stops dancing. He puffs up his cheeks and shrugs.

KELLI

That is easily the most romantic thing anyone's ever said to me with no ulterior motive.

NOAH

I have ulterior motives, they're just long term. Besides, I make the best mix CD's. And romantic crafts. Involving crayons.

KELLI

You're my favorite tenth grade girl ever.

She smiles to herself, looks at her feet.

KELLI (CONT'D)

I want a mix CD by the weekend.

NOAH

I already started making you one in my head. I'm calling it, "Thanks For Kissing Me, I Hope There's More Where That Came From, parenthesis, In The Future".

A riotous wedding dance classic turns up. Lots of woops and hollas from the wedding party. Yuck.

Noah and Kelli stand motionless with complete disapproval.

NOAH (CONT'D)
This song isn't on it.

KELLI
Thank Christ.

They don't dance like the rest of them. This is A MOMENT!

KELLI (CONT'D)
Twenty bucks say you kiss me at the airport.

Noah reaches into his wallet and hands her a twenty dollar bill. She laughs, wraps her arms around his neck.

KELLI (CONT'D)
Who the hell are you, Noah Palmer?

NOAH
I used to know, but things have changed.

They smile at each other. That'll just have to do for now.

And so they dance, and so we end.

THE END